

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Peruna be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that the medicinal herbs composing Peruna are of two kinds. First, standard and well-tried catarrh remedies. Second, well-known and generally acknowledged tonic remedies. That in one or the other of these uses they have stood the test of many years' experience by physicians of different schools. There can be no dispute about this, whatever. Peruna is composed of some of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrhal diseases, and for such conditions of the human system as require a tonic. Each one of the principal ingredients of Peruna has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh or as a tonic medicine.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousands of people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents, showing that Peruna invites the full inspection of the critics.

NO SURPLUS FUNDS THERE.

Beggar Satisfied with Evidence of Poverty in Sight.

Two old Hebrew beggars were traveling together through the residence section of Pittsburg not long ago, in quest of contributions toward their joint capital.

Presently they passed a handsome residence, from which sweet sounds of music issued. It was Ike's turn and he ascended the steps to the front door, eagerly watched by Jake, who expected quite a handsome addition to their funds.

His consternation was great consequently when he beheld Ike returning crestfallen and empty-handed.

Anxiously running to meet him, he said: "Vell, Ike, how did you make out with the good people?"

"Ach, Jakey," replied Ike, "there was no use asking in there, because they are very poor people themselves. Just think—two lovely ladies playing on one piano!"—Judge's Library.

BABY CRIED AND SCRATCHED

All the Time—Covered with Torturing Eczema—Doctor Said Sores Would Last for Years—Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"My baby niece was suffering from that terrible torture, eczema. It was all over her body but the worst was on her face and hands. She cried and scratched all the time and could not sleep night or day from the scratching. I had her under the doctor's care for a year and a half and he seemed to do her no good. I took her to the best doctor in the city and he said that she would have the sores until she was six years old. But if I had depended on the doctor my baby would have lost her mind and died from the want of aid. But I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and she was cured in three months. Alice L. Dowell, 4769 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., May 2 and 20, 1907."

WHY HE WAS ANXIOUS.

Albert's Particular Reason for Inquiry That Worried Nurse.

Albert was a solemn-eyed, spiritual-looking child.

"Nurse," he said one day, leaving his blocks and laying his hand gently on her knee, "nurse, is this God's day?"

"No, dear," said his nurse, "this is not Sunday. It is Thursday."

"I'm so sorry," he said, sadly, and went back to his blocks.

The next day and the next, in his serious manner he asked the same question, and the nurse tearfully said to the cook, "That child is too good for this world."

On Sunday the question was repeated, and the nurse with a sob in her voice, said, "Yes, Lambie. This is God's day."

"Then where is the funny paper?" he demanded.—Success.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Kellen and Miss Van Wyck

By J. W. SCOTT

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The Southern Pacific railroad and Rogue river came down the winding gorges of southern Oregon running abreast like wolves on a blood trail by paths that shuffle in and out and cross and re-cross as they drive to the south, ever to the south; and wherever the road sweeps over the river on a bridge the water tugs at the piers to bring it down; and year by year the sweating engines of many thundering trains hoot derision at the turbulent son of the mountain raging with foam on his lips.

Kellen's division was in this part of the world. He was a conductor, and as he punched tickets from Mokuliteno to Skybelt and from Skagland to Kitswitch he forgot about how the river ran and clutched at the feet of his firewagon, and inwardly cursed the monotony of things and the aridness of life, and prayed a change. He was of the kind of men who take too much interest in too many women. There is always trouble in that, but there is not always a tragedy in the bottom of the bag. His wife had blue eyes, and while she was growing a little bit faded, there was a pathetic, babyish sweetness in her face that would have nerved some men to the foot of her throne throughout the day and the



She Galloped Into Nesqualmie Half an Hour Later.

night of all time. But Kellen wanted fire, evidently. The pathos and the babyishness and the sweetness probably wearied him.

When Miss Van Wyck tripped on the coach step and gave him a smile for aid received, out of black eyes burning in a pale face a trifle strained and worn looking, there is no question but that the watcher of men's lives recorded the arrival on the road he traveled of a woman of interest to him.

Kellen owed Miss Van Wyck to the gods of the public school—they led her into the region that knew him. She taught school at Nesqualmie, and when she took up the birch rod there she elevated the window blind and noted down Kellen's train as a means of escape, as it whirled along the river bank by the black water and ripped up the valley.

When she donned the robe of office she did not say: "Here are many little ones to me given that I may mold them into fine vessels as the potter shapes the clay; and that is enough." No. She said: "This place is lonely. I see no young men here. What a vile wilderness."

She knew that she had to ride alone in the summer afternoons, and that the birds and the squirrels chattered horribly; and that the loneliness struck upon her nerves and made her start at shadows. Wherefore she was very dissatisfied.

But she fell upon the device of going up the road to Potlache, which was almost a town, and possessed a few joys in the way of some women friends and a fresh face once a year perhaps. These flights were made Friday evenings after the children went home for the week, and the home coming befell Sunday nights, so she would be ready for school on Monday morning.

After it had become Kellen's unrighteous custom to stop at her seat, and look into her face, and grin and say something pretty in a voice too low to be caught by the other passengers, the flights got to be regular. And thus there grew up something between them. If you had observed her closely, you would have seen that she watched for him after she took her seat, looking expectantly forward whenever the coach door opened, and that a faint blush put warmth in her white cheeks, and a look sprang into her eyes when he came down the aisle.

It may be he forgot about his wife in talking to her. It does not matter. He did forget about her, and about the vows pledged at the church when she was not so faded; and he made a plan to help Miss Van Wyck kick the dust of Nesqualmie from her shoes forever.

They fixed up between them to go away from Oregon secretly; and he quietly wound up his few business affairs and drew all the money he had in bank. Their plan was to meet in

the evening a few miles above Nesqualmie, and from there ride away on horseback together. Miss Van Wyck was to station herself in the woods by the railroad at a grade-foot where his train slackened speed, and he was to drop off the train covertly when it should pass, take the horse she should bring for him, and ride with her 30 miles through the night and the woods to the Oregon coast. Then they were to make Seattle by steamer and train, and go east. Once east they should plan further. For one thing, Miss Van Wyck would thereafter have an escort when she went riding, and she would not have to endure the depressing rain clouds hanging over the Nesqualmie hills. When Mrs. Kellen should see fit to give Kellen a divorce, they would be married. Kellen gave his wife no hints, but left the blow to fall upon her without warning. He wanted his scheme to succeed and to avoid hindrances, and was therefore very cautious.

They selected Friday evening for their departure, notwithstanding the evil devil that presides over that day, because Miss Van Wyck would not be inquired for till Monday morning, when the children should return to school, and that would give them a big start. She told the horse owner of the village from whom she hired the horses that she was going riding down the river to Ballerton with a friend who would call for her at the house where she dwelt—that she had time to make the proper arrangements, while he had not—and accordingly the horses were left at her door.

The owls were hooting in the shadows when she reached the rendezvous at the grade-foot, and the river was growling among the willows. Her nerves were on razor edge when Kellen's train went by, and back among the trees, she jerked her restless horse's bobbing head with aimless and unreasoning viciousness.

But Kellen did not get off as the train skurried along puffing and flashing its lights. Miss Van Wyck sat waiting on her horse a long time, staring after the train and biting her lips, while her heart variously fluttered and sank and stood still. The gloom of the woods increased and was imparted to her soul. She waited stoically for an hour, hopelessly and wonderingly, and then turned toward Nesqualmie.

A quarter of a mile above the trysting spot the Rogue runs between narrow shores like a mad river, and a railroad bridge crosses it there. At the train drew near the bridge, Kellen was seen to go out on the platform and look ahead, according to a custom of his. Later the forward brakeman missed him, and he was found no more upon the train.

Down the river a mile from where he should have dropped off to join Miss Van Wyck with an eager smile on his face, the river spreads out suddenly upon a flat in shallows, and here there was a ford leading back to Nesqualmie. Miss Van Wyck rode through the fir trees under the moonlight to this spot, and there she saw something in the river close to the bank, half in and half out of the willow shadows. It was going round and round slowly in an eddy, and its white face was turned up to the moon. No doubt it looked ghastly, for when she galloped into Nesqualmie half an hour later, she was raving and wringing her hands in a state of hysteria. Her nerves had been seriously shocked, and as she swayed and shook in the saddle it was gathered out of her incoherent moanings and self-reproaches that something was wrong at the ford.

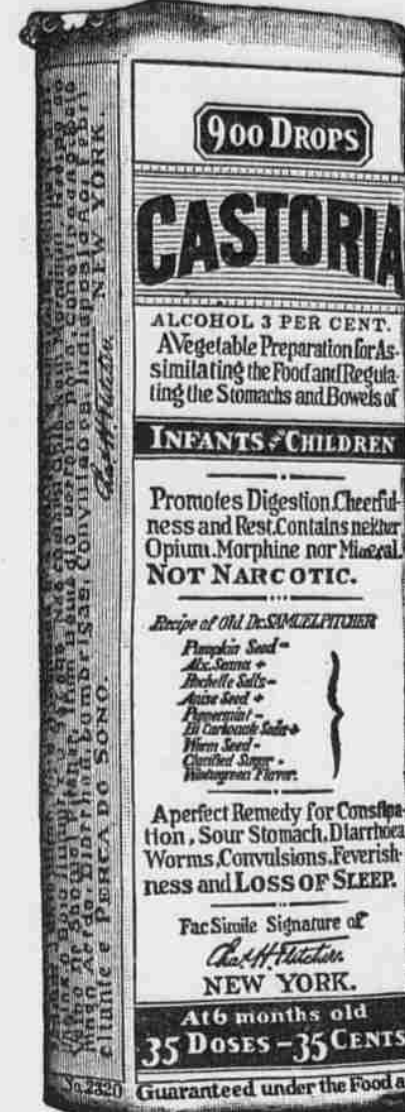
Some men went out there, and there they recovered Kellen's body from the river; and they picked up the horse that had been led for him, browsing along the road. Afterward, it was found that a signboard on a post that stood close to the railroad track at the bridge where he disappeared had been twisted half around. It was thought that he leaned too far out and struck that, which was criminally close to the track; and it is probable that at the time when Miss Van Wyck was waiting for him in the grisly timber with parted lips and heaving breast, he was washing heedlessly by, his ears deaf and his eyes blind, in the current of the Rogue.

The horse owner and the nurse who attended Miss Van Wyck through the fever that followed the hysteria, and listened to her delirious babble, furnished information that patched out her story. Kellen was buried at Mokuliteno, where his wife lived, and no one whispered anything to his wife about Miss Van Wyck; so the fading little woman, with the pathetic charged eyes of blue, grieved over him sincerely. The funeral took place while Miss Van Wyck was delirious, and Kellen was some time in his grave when she recovered. This saved her pain, because she could not have gone to the funeral had she been well, being unknown to his wife, and having no recognized ground of acquaintance with him that would have justified it. As soon as she was well she resigned her school and hurried away from Nesqualmie. She now teaches school in the south of California in a bare, flat region where the sun shines all the time. She cannot endure rain, nor clouds, nor mountains, nor woods; and running water in the moonlight turns her sick and shuddering.

What is Castoria.

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. F. Gerald Blattner, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results."

Dr. Gustave A. Elsengraeber, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."

Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."

Dr. S. A. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."

Dr. J. E. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."

Dr. R. E. Eskildson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."

Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."

Dr. Edwin F. Pardee, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Absorbing. Silas—Ha! Ha! Reuben got bunked again.

Cyrus—Do tell! What was it this time?

Silas—Why, Reuben saw an ad that stated that for one dollar they would send him some of the most absorbing literature he ever read.

Cyrus—And what did they send him?

Silas—Why, they sent him a pamphlet entitled "How Blotters Are Made" and another entitled "Points on Turkish Towels."

Why He Felt Sad.

"Young man," said the stern old broker, "I find that you slipped off yesterday afternoon and went to the ball game. Don't you feel bad about it?"

"Indeed I do, boss," confessed Tommy.

"Ah! That's one consolation."

"Yes, I felt bad 'cause the home team lost."

Companionship Barred.

"Rastus," said the man who gives advice, "if you want to prosper in this world you must go to bed with the chickens."

"Yassin," answered Mr. Pinkley, "I's willin' to go to bed with 'em. But de folks dat owns chickens ain' sufficiently trustful."

Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours need Allen's Foot-Paste. See at your Druggist's. Write A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for sample.

Habit has more force in forming our characters than opinions have.—J. Hall.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.—Milton.



SCALDS or burns, cuts, lacerated wounds, swollen or puffed joints, scald head, salt rheum, etc., or scalds from all causes, cured by the wonderful remedy, **Boyd's Ointment**. Your druggist or see by mail. **BOYD OINTMENT COMPANY, Kitching, Pa.**

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

SICK HEADACHE



Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. **SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.**



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Wm. Carter
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY DISCHARGES, ETC. DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 50c. H. PLANTEN & SON 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanse and beautify the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases, itching, etc., and \$1.00 at Druggists.

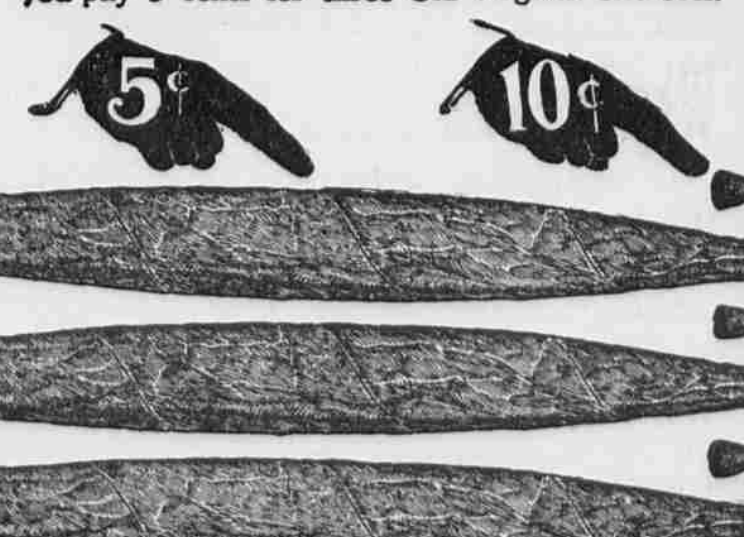
DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

A. N. K.—C (1908—34) 2244.

Old Virginia Cheroots

If the dealer clipped off the heads of three good 5c cigars and handed them all three to you for 5 cents, you would call it a bargain.

That's exactly the kind of trade you make when you pay 5 cents for three Old Virginia Cheroots.



OLD VIRGINIA CHEROOTS

Are 5 Cent Cigars Without the Head—Therefore 3 for 5 Cents
SOLD EVERYWHERE